

Destruction of Seto.

Scio was one of the largest, richest and most beautiful islands of the Grecian Archipelago. It contained, at the commencement of the Greek revolution, one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants. Extensive commerce had brought to the island the

treasures of the East and the West, and happy families, refined in manners by European travel, and with minds highly cultivated, afforded the most intelligent and fascinating society of the East. Schools flourished upon the island, and richly endowed colleges were crowded with Greek youth. The traveller, lured by the moonlight of that gorgeous clime to an evening stroll through the streets of Scio, heard from the dwellings of the wealthy Greek the tones of the piano and guitar, touched by fingers skilled in all the polite accomplishments. Many of these families were living in the enjoyment of highly cultivated minds, and polished manners, rendered doubly attractive by all the establishments of wealth.

The Grecian revolt extended to this island, and Sultan Mohammed resolved upon a signal vengeance. He proclaimed to the desperadoes of the Bosphorus, that the inhabitants of Scio, male and female, with all their possessions, were to be entirely surrendered to the adventurers, who would embark in the expedition for its destruction. Every ruffian of Constantinople crowded the Turkish fleet. The ferocious and semi-savage boatmen of the Bosphorus, the scowling Christian-hating wretches, who in poverty and crime thronged the lanes and alleys of the Moslem city, rushed eagerly to the squadron.

Every scoundrel and renegade upon the frontier of Europe and Asia, who could come with a knife or club, was received with a welcome. In this way a reinforcement of about ten thousand assassins, the very refuse of creation, were collected, and other thousands followed on in schooner and sloop and fishing boats, swelling the number to fifteen thousand men, to join in the sack and carnage. The fleet dropped down the Bosphorus amidst the acclamations of Constantinople, Pera, Scutari, and the reverberations of the parting rolled along the shores of Europe and of Asia.

It was a lovely afternoon in the month of April, 1822, when the fleet was seen on the bosom of the Egean, approaching Scio. It anchored in the bay, and immediately vomited forth upon those ill-fated shores the murderous hordes collected for their destruction. Who can imagine the horrors of the night which ensued? The brutal mob, phrenzied with licentiousness and rape, were let loose with unrestrained liberty to glut their vengeance. The city was fired in every direction. Indiscriminate massacre ensued.

Men, women and children were shot down without mercy. Every house was entered—every apartment was ransacked. The scimeter and pistol of the Turk were everywhere busy. The frantic cries of the perishing arose above the roar of exploding artillery and musketry, and the clamor on the onset. Mothers and daughters in the best dwellings. And thus for six dreadful days and nights did the work of extermination continue, till the city and the island of Socie were in a heap of ruins.

Several thousand of the youth of both sexes were sold to be sold as slaves. The young men taken from the literary section, and intellectual refinement of the College of Seio, were sold to the degraded servitude of hopeless bondage. The young ladies taken from the parlors of their opulent parents, from the accomplishments of a highly cultivated life, and who had visited in the refined circles of London and Paris, who had been brought up as delicately, and as an English writer, "as luxuriously, and almost as intellectually as those of the same classes among ourselves, became the property of the most ferocious and licentious cast of the human race."

It is said that forty-one thousand were thus carried into slavery. For weeks and months they were sold through all the markets of the Roman empire, like cattle in the shambles.

As the fleet returned to Constantinople from its murderous excursion, the whole city was on the alert to witness the triumphant entrance. As the leading ship rounded the point of land, which brought it into the view of the whole city, many captured Greeks were seen standing on the deck with ropes around their necks, and suddenly they were strung up to the bowsprit and every yard-arm, struggling in the agonies of death. And thus as ship after ship turned the point the struggling forms of dying men swung in the breeze. These and the horrid ornaments and trophies of barbarian triumphs.

In view of them, the very shores of Bosphorus seemed to be shaken by the explosion of artillery, and by the exulting shout of the millions of inhabitants who thronged the streets of Constantinople, Pera and Scutari.

These outrages, however, terminated the sway of the Turk over the Greek. They aroused through all Europe a universal cry of horror and detestation. The sympathy of the people was so intense that the government of England and France could no longer refuse to interfere. Their fleets were allied with that of Russia. The Turkish fleet was annihilated at Navarino, and Greece was free.

A CHICAGO PAINTER IN LONDON.—You see it stated that a Mr. Marsden Brooks, a young artist from Chicago, Ill., is attracting a good deal of attention in London, by his paintings. A miniature he painted was so striking a likeness, that a Persian Prince, a friend of the original, requested permission to carry it to Persia, and Mr. Brooks was of course, engaged to paint another. Since then several others have been ordered. The painter from a twelve year old city goes to the largest metropolis in Europe and executes orders for Asia!—N. Y. J. M.

ALWAYS SPEAK CIVIL.—"If a civil woe or two will render a man happy," said French king, "he must be a wretch indeed who will not give them to him. Such disposition is like lighting away one's candle by one's own, which loses none of its brilliancy by what the other gains."

If all mankind possessed this feeling how much happier would the world be than now is.

A mild answer turned away wrath, but grious words air up strife.

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